WARFARE

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SHOOTING SCRIPT 2 May 13th

HOLD ON THE BLACK SCREEN.

A beat.

Then, in white lettering -

CAPTION:

> November 19th, 2006. Ramadi, Iraq.
>
> A Navy SEAL platoon takes sniper positions in support of a US Marines Operation.

The CAPTIONS disappear.

New CAPTION:

> This film uses only their memories.

The CAPTION disappears.

Then **CUT TO -**

1 **EXT. RAMADI/STREET - NIGHT** 1

- a group of twenty-two soldiers.

They are walking down a street in the Iraqi city of RAMADI, Al Anbar Province, 75 miles west of Baghdad.

The soldiers are a mixture of -

- NAVY SEALS, TEAM 5: an elite Special Operations unit within the US Navy. NAVY SEALS are most famous with the public for the killing of Osama bin Laden, but much of their work is covert and unreported.

- MARINES: another fighting arm of the US Navy. Less elite than the SEALS, but highly trained, with a long history of front-line combat.

- IRAQI SCOUTS: local soldiers, placed with US military as part of a programme to train the Iraqi military in specialist US fighting tactics. They also act as interpreters.

The soldiers move in single file.

NOTE: ELLIOTT is on point.

They are alert.

Tense, scanning, weapons up.

No one talks.

They are entering an enemy stronghold - this section of RAMADI has been so dangerous to enter that the US military fully withdrew from area three months ago.

This is the first time since the withdrawal that any US military have returned.

We view this NIGHT SEQUENCE as the soldiers do: through NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

The NVGs are pulled down from the helmets, over their eyes.

It makes the soldiers anonymous to us. Almost indistinguishable from one another.

It shows the world in shades of GREEN, BLACK, and WHITE.

Through the NVG vision, we can see little of the city.

A dusty road, litter-strewn.

Lined with concrete houses, mostly set back, behind high walls.

2 **EXT. RAMADI/JUNCTION - NIGHT** 2

The SOLDIERS reach a junction.

They split into groups.

OP-1, OP-2, and OP-3.

We stay with OP-1.

Ten men.

3 **EXT. RAMADI/STREET - NIGHT** 3

OP-1 approaches one of the houses on the street.

It is a two-storey concrete building, set back from the road, behind a six-foot wall and a metal GATE.

Between the gate and the building, there is a small DRIVEWAY, with a scrubby garden on one side.

At the end of the driveway, there is a second wall, with a strip of patterned air bricks to let a breeze through.

It creates a small covered COURTYARD around the front entrance.

On the second floor of the house, there is a BALCONY.

OP-1 stack up by the front wall.

Two of the soldiers are boosted over.

Moments later, they quietly open the metal gate.

As a group, OP-1 moves silently up the driveway.

Four of the soldiers keep their focus ahead - at the house.

The others cover all surrounding angles: rooftops, overlooking windows, their rear.

The four leading soldiers stack up by front door.

A beat.

A go-sign from the lead soldier - lifting the barrel of his gun, then dipping it.

Then -

- the front door is quietly opened.

The four-man entry team move inside the building.

4 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT** 4

Silence, caution, and stealth are still maintained.

The four-man entry team enter the room - a KITCHEN.

They sweep with their weapons.

Seconds later they are moving to the doorway that leads deeper into the house.

As this next doorway is breached -

- the rest of OP-1 are flooding into the kitchen.

5 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - NIGHT** 5

We follow the entry team into the next space.

A HALL, with two rooms to the left, and stairs leading up to the right.

6 **INT. HOUSE/STAIRS - NIGHT** 6

Two of the soldiers move up the stairs.

We stay with them.

We hear the sound of an IRAQI MAN suddenly calling out in alarm.

7 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - NIGHT** 7

The top of the stairs opens into a room -

- where we glimpse an IRAQI family.

Jolted awake from sleep.

Waking into a nightmare.

A MAN and a WOMAN - emerging from their bedrooms.

They are actually a brother and sister.

The woman is widowed.

Behind her are her daughters - two young GIRLS, through the doorway of another room, aged seven and nine.

The MAN starts pleading.

The WOMAN starts screaming.

Then the two young GIRLS start screaming and crying.

We see their terrified faces in GREEN, BLACK, and WHITE.

ABRUPTLY -

CUT TO -

8 **EXT. RAMADI - DAY** 8

- morning over RAMADI.

An aerial view.

Now we can see the city.

A mass of concrete buildings, clustered along the banks of the Euphrates River.

9 **EXT. HOUSE - DAY** 9

We revisit the exterior of the two-storey concrete house that the soldiers have occupied.

Now in daylight.

The WALLS.

The GATE.

CUT TO -

10 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 10

The DRIVEWAY.

Wide enough for one vehicle.

Long enough for two vehicles.

CUT TO -

11 **EXT. HOUSE/COURTYARD - DAY** 11

- the covered COURTYARD at the end of the driveway.

The high wall with air bricks.

The FRONT ENTRANCE of the house.

CUT TO -

12 **EXT. HOUSE/BALCONY - DAY** 12

- the BALCONY, wrapped around the front and side of the house.

On the balcony are four CLAYMORES.

Curved cases, containing directional explosive charges, set out along the balcony in a daisy chain.

There is also a ROVER III COMMS RECIEVER.

It looks like a white hockey puck sat on three stubby legs, and relays images from air support down to OP-1.

A cable runs from the ROVER III, back into the house, through a metal door, slightly ajar.

The houses either side are close enough that one could almost step from the roof of one house to the next.

CUT TO -

13 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 13

- the ground-floor bedroom, just off the main living area.

The IRAQI FAMILY are sitting together on the bed.

Keeping guard over the family is an IRAQI SCOUT - SIDAR.

SIDAR is 31.

He holds an Israeli-made AK-47 assault rifle.

SIDAR is smoking.

The MAN sits on the edge of the bed, looking at the ground.

The two young girls are lying in middle of the bed, calmer than we last saw them.

They are huddled up to their MOTHER, who is watching SIDAR.

SIDAR is ignoring them all.

Staring into space, concentrating on his cigarette.

He looks tense, but bored.

CUT TO -

14 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 14

- an empty HALL, just outside the downstairs bedroom.

A flight of stairs leads up to the second floor.

At the end of the hall is the KITCHEN.

CUT TO -

15 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 15

- the kitchen.

The first room in the house that OP-1 entered.

In daylight, we can see that it contains a concrete shelf, built out of the wall.

On the shelf is a small propane stove, some pots and pans, and a small stack of mismatched plates.

The FRONT ENTRANCE, leading to the outside courtyard, is being covered by two soldiers.

The first is TOMMY.

TOMMY is 21. He’s white.

A NAVY SEAL.

This is TOMMY’S first platoon. As someone young, and new to front-line operations, he is sometimes called ‘Meat’ - as in, fresh meat.

He’s stocky. He makes up for his short stature by being good at stuff. He can use a fifty-calibre machine gun with precision. Unlike some SEALS, he’s not showy. His dad and brother were SEALS before him.

TOMMY is a GUNNER. He is armed with a MK 48 MACHINE GUN.

Behind TOMMY is a second IRAQI SCOUT - FARID.

FARID is 30.

Like SIDAR, he carries an Israeli AK-47.

Like SIDAR, FARID is smoking.

None of them are talking.

16 **INT. HOUSE/MAIN BEDROOM - DAY** 16

- the parents' main bedroom.

Upstairs, off the MAIN ROOM.

The double bed has a metal frame.

The floor has rugs. Family photos hang on the walls.

There are also specific and slightly random pieces of decoration.

Three identical CERAMIC DOLPHINS on the window shelf.

A FELIX THE CAT CLOCK on the side table.

In this room, standing by the window, is SAM.

He's 28 years old.

White. Californian. A NAVY SEAL. Shaved head.

His position is Leading Petty Officer (LPO), technically second-in-command in OP-1.

SAM has a reputation for having a wild side. He starts pointless bar fights back home in the US, knowing that he has the backup of his pit bull Navy SEAL comrades.

He is holding his M4 assault rifle.

Propped against the wall is another weapon.

An M79 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

It's a Vietnam War-era weapon. Only the Navy SEALS continue to use it, because it's light, and small, and can be easily passed around.

Outside the window, there is a view over Ramadi rooftops.

The window has no glass. Just metal rebars for security, set into the concrete.

From outside, the sounds of the city drift in.

Car engines, prayer broadcasts from the nearest minaret, passing fragments of Arabic conversation.

SAM looks bored.

But also jittery.

CUT TO -

17 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 17

- the room from which the two DAUGHTERS emerged, last night.

PEACH-COLOURED CURTAINS are drawn closed over a window.

Apart from those curtains, the room has been completely rearranged and repurposed by the soldiers.

Furniture has been pushed to the side.

A table has been brought in from the main room, and is draped in mats and rugs.

And a hole has been smashed in the exterior wall with a SLEDGEHAMMER - which is now propped in the dust and rubble on the floor of the room.

The hole is about twelve inches in diameter. Through them, there is a restricted view across the streets in this area of RAMADI.

A piece of netting/mesh is stretched over it.

It allows the sniper to see out, but makes it harder for people on the outside to see in.

And aiming through the hole, lying on the tables, kept comfortable by the mats and rugs -

- there is a SNIPER.

He is ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT is 25.

He’s white. From rural Illinois. A big man - built like a weightlifter, rather than a bodybuilder.

ELLIOTT is the LEAD SNIPER of the platoon, and also the MEDIC.

ELLIOTT is focused on the scope of his SR-25 rifle.

Sitting with his back against the wall, there is another sniper. FRANK.

FRANK is 25.

White. He's an intelligent and highly effective soldier. OCD with his gear - everything is clean and properly positioned. He has a reputation as a 'fire and forget' soldier, because if you task him with something, it will get done.

CUT TO -

18 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS KITCHEN-STORAGE - DAY** 18

- an upstairs kitchen area, off the main room.

The room's a sink, some cupboards, and several bags of US AID RICE.

Sat inside are two US Marines.

They are SGT 'LAERRUS' and LT MACDONALD.

LIEUTENANT MACDONALD is 27.

White. Short, skinny, moustache. He is a helicopter pilot, but he has put himself on this mission to put in time on the ground, and develop different experience. It's a route to promotion up the ranks.

SERGEANT 'LAERRUS' is 24.

Black. Stocky, like TOMMY. East Coast.

LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS are armed with standard-issue M4 assault rifles.

Both Marines are with OP-1 in an 'enabler' capacity, as part of ANGLICO - there to support the Navy SEALS.

LT MACDONALD has a tough-case laptop computer - to which the cable from the ROVER III COMMS RECIEVER runs.

On the laptop screen, there is a black-and-white LIVE FEED from air support, showing their position and the surrounding area.

LT MACDONALD is watching the screen closely, flicking between different feeds and magnifications.

CUT TO -

19 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 19

- the main room.

The hub room.

From here, stairs lead down to the first floor.

One doorway gives a view to where the SNIPERS lie.

A second doorway gives a view to the MAIN BEDROOM, where SAM stands by the window.

And a METAL DOOR leads out to the BALCONY.

This door can't close properly. Through the gap, one can see a sliver of DAYLIGHT.

Sat in this room, on rolled-up rugs and mats, near the door to the main bedroom, are the last two soldiers in OP-1.

The first is ERIK.

27 years old. White. Tall.

ERIK is the OIC – Officer-in-Charge. Leader of this platoon. Leader of OP-1.

To his men, he is viewed as a great officer - an enlisted man's officer. Not stuck-up or arrogant, as some officers can be. Inspiring, and relying intelligently on his team.

His rifle is an M4 with suppressor.

The second - and the last soldier in OP-1 - is RAY.

RAY is 24.

He has Mexican and Native American heritage.

He grew up in East LA, and had wanted to be a soldier as long as he could remember, as a way out of a home and neighbourhood he needed to leave behind. RAY liked the ocean, liked the water, so he joined the Navy at 17, and became a SEAL at 19.

He is a specialist in JTAC - the man in the platoon who is in charge of radio communication and coordination with the RAMADI HQ, AIR SUPPORT, and ARTILLERY SUPPORT.

For this reason, he carries a radio pack - currently off his back, and sat beside him - and wears over-ear headphones.

His rifle is a ten-inch M4 with no suppressor.

Now, for the first time, someone speaks.

RAY - calling in to base on his radio.

He keeps his voice quiet.

NOTE: until the attack starts, ALL EXCHANGES ARE QUIETLY SPOKEN.

RAY
Manchu-6 X-Ray, this is Frogman-6 Romeo. Stand by for sitrep. Say when ready to copy. Over.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio)
Frogman, send your traffic. Over.

RAY
(into radio)
At zero-nine-seven, we observed people probing our position from the east, section Papa 1-0, building 1-7-4, east of route Boiler. At zero-nine-twelve we saw massing at building 1-7-5, north of route Spartan. Break.

Beat.

CONCURRENT -

ERIK
How’s your signal?

LT MACDONALD
Now it’s good, still intermittent.

ERIK
Okay. Cool.

BACK TO RAY -

RAY
At zero-nine-sixteen, a blue Daewoo with MAMs north on route Lakers. How copy. Over.

MANCHU X-RAY
Yeah - Frogman repeat everything after blue Daewoo. Over.

RAY
Manchu, blue Daewoo with Military Age Males travelling north on Lakers.

MANCHU X-RAY
Copy all. Do you have any more traffic for my station. Over.

RAY
Negative, Manchu. Do you have any update for my station.

MANCHU X-RAY
Roger that. Be advised, you have new friendly position. Baker Company has moved west of your position to your north, two kilometres. Over.

RAY
Understand. Copy all. Frogman, out.

RAY glances at ERIK.

Holds up his map.

RAY (CONT'D)
Sir. Baker Company were here. They're two kilometres, now here, in this position.

ERIK
Copy that.

CUT TO -

20 **INT. HOUSE/MAIN BEDROOM - DAY** 20

- SAM.

Doing push-ups.

Once finished, he stands. Moves to the window.

Peering out.

He can see life in Ramadi.

A car driving.

Two women walking.

An older man and a young boy, walking in the opposite direction.

In a window of a nearby building, he glimpses a figure. Just for a moment.

Beats pass.

CUT TO -

21 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS KITCHEN-STORAGE - DAY** 21

- SGT LAERRUS and LT MACDONALD.

LT MACDONALD is staring at his laptop.

LT MACDONALD
North-east still clear.

SGT LAERRUS
Check that run of buildings to the west again. You could step right across those rooftops if you wanted. Walk right to us.

LT MACDONALD cycles viewpoints.

Studies.

LT MACDONALD
Yessir. Got nothing.

CUT TO -

22 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 22

- ELLIOTT.

Focused down his rifle scope.

Shifting view slightly.

Then pausing.

Frowning slightly.

Not taking his eyes off his scope -

- he speaks to FRANK.

ELLIOTT
Got eyes on north-east corner of building four.

FRANK
Is the white Hilux still there?

ELLIOTT
It pulled out five minutes ago. Travelling north up Boiler. But I've got a male looking at our position. White shirt. Dark tracksuit pants. Sound familiar? Seen him at all?

FRANK
Negative. ID any weapons?

ELLIOTT
No weapons.

Beat.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
He's gone.

Beat.

FRANK
Is he going on the list?

ELLIOTT thinks a moment.

Then toggles his radio on.

ELLIOTT
(into radio)
Single MAM, white shirt, dark tracksuit pants, building four, north-east corner.

CUT TO -

23 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 23

- RAY.

Listening to ELLIOTT.

RAY is writing the details of the exchange in a notebook.

Once finished -

- there is silence again.

We start to hear noises of Ramadi city life.

A dog barking.

A motorbike passing.

Distant shouts.

Neighbours talking.

Extending through the house.

During this time -

- TOMMY appears from downstairs.

TOMMY
How is it, Dozer.

RAY pulls his headphones back.

RAY
Huh?

TOMMY
How's it going.

RAY isn't looking for a chat.

RAY
Yeah. Good.

TOMMY heads for the SNIPER ROOM.

24 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 24

FRANK
My blue Nike hoodie has gone missing off the base. So if you see one of them wearing it, let me know.

TOMMY enters. Takes a position by the PEACH CURTAINS.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How's it down there?

TOMMY
Cigarettes and tea. You want tea?

FRANK
Pass.

TOMMY
What have you got up here?

FRANK
Peekers.

TOMMY
Where.

FRANK
Corners of building four.

TOMMY heads for the window. Slightly pulls back the curtains. Peeks out.

They fall back into silence.

25 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 25

RAY and ERIK sit in silence, for another minute.

RAY making notes.

26 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS KITCHEN-STORAGE - DAY** 26

DELETED

27 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 27

DELETED

28 **INT. HOUSE/MAIN BEDROOM - DAY** 28

DELETED

29 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 29

DOGS start barking.

ERIK rises.

ERIK moves to doorway of SNIPER ROOM.

CUT TO -

30 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 30

- ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT
He's back.

FRANK
White shirt?

ELLIOTT
Yeah.

FRANK
... What do you want to do?

ELLIOTT
Keep an eye on him.

CUT TO -

31 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 31

- RAY, writing.

ERIK - walks back into room - radios to JAKE.

JAKE is the Officer-in-Charge of OP-2.

After separating from OP-1 last night, OP-2 occupied another house. Storming it in the same way.

They now located are a few streets away.

ERIK
Alpha 2, this is 1, we might have guys starting to move in on our position.

JAKE
(over radio)
Maybe because they heard you sledging through that fucking wall all night. We could hear every strike. Why didn't you use a charge?

ERIK
Uh - didn't want to make a noise.

JAKE
(over radio)
Not sure that worked out for you.

CUT TO -

- RAY.

Getting up and moving to LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS, checking view on the laptop.

Changing frequency on his radio.

RAY is more conversational when talking to pilots. There is a different, more formal etiquette on comms when talking to military.

Then -

RAY
Profane 5-4, Redman 6, can you slew your sensor west of my position, one-zero-zero metres, on building per GRG, call contact.

PROFANE 5-4
(over radio)
Yeah, zero 6. I contact.

RAY
Hey, uh, we have an individual who was peeking on north-west corner of building four. He has disappeared to the west. Do you see anybody hanging around on that corner? Over.

PROFANE 5-4
(over radio)
Yes. A-ffirm. I contact that individual.

RAY
Just be advised he has been probing our position. Do you see any massing or suspicious activity that would indicate a threat? Over.

PROFANE 5-4
(over radio)
Negative.

(MORE)

PROFANE 5-4 (CONT'D)
Definitely a lot of civilians down there. I'll keep an eye on that sector for you.

RAY
Roger that, Profane. Redman out.

32 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 32

Back in the SNIPER ROOM.

ERIK RETURNS TO DOORWAY.

ELLIOTT focused on his scope.

ELLIOTT
White shirt. Dark tracksuit pants. Fourth time he's done that.

FRANK
Peeking or probing?

ELLIOTT
Peeking with intent to probe.

FRANK
How many times do we let this guy do this?

ELLIOTT
I'm going to relay to OP-2.
(into radio)
Cowboy, give me a heads-up if you see this guy come to your position. White shirt, dark tracksuit pants.

COWBOY
(over radio)
Copy. We're getting a build-up of activity here too. I had a pair of guys in blue jeans, probing, twice.

ELLIOTT
I have two MAMs of that description, just showed up here. Blue jeans, one red T-shirt.

COWBOY
(over radio)
Yeah, that's them.

ELLIOTT
Looks like they're getting their jihad on.

CUT TO -

33 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 33

- ERIK.

Listening to the OFFICER-IN-CHARGE of BRAVO - another platoon elsewhere in Ramadi.

OIC BRAVO
(over radio)
Alpha 1, Bravo 1, we are in a TIC. We're getting rockets and small-arms fire. We're all good right now but we're pulling air to our position.

ERIK
(into radio)
Roger. Just check in with BDA when able.

CUT TO RAY.

BRAVO FOUR
(over radio)
Alpha 5, this is Bravo 4. Hey, I think we're going to need to pull Profane to our AO. Over.

RAY
Roger, Bravo 4.

Then -

- the pilot flying air support comes in over the radio.

PROFANE 5-4
(over radio)
Redman 6, this Profane 5-4, checking off station at this time. Over.

RAY
Roger, Profane.

RAY comes off the radio.

RAY (CONT'D)
Why are they pulling air from us and not sourcing it from somewhere else?

LT MACDONALD
I'll check.

SAM appears at the door to his room.

SAM
What's up?

RAY
We just lost air support. They pushed to Bravo.

SAM
That's not good.

ERIK
They are are troops in contact.

SAM absorbing. Processing.

SAM
Okay.

SAM returns to his window.

34 **INT. HOUSE/MAIN BEDROOM - DAY** 34

SAM takes position by the window.

35 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 35

ONE MINUTE PASSES.

ERIK SETTLES.

Then -

- a sudden BROADCAST starts from the minaret.

It's loud.

And it's speech.

Non-musical. Not prayer.

All the SEALS on the top floor of house hear it.

RAY, ERIK, ELLIOTT, FRANK, SAM.

They listen.

And know it doesn't feel right.

35A **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 35A

FRANK looks at ELLIOTT.

FRANK
Okay. That sucks.

ELLIOTT

It does.

TOMMY
I'll go see.

35B **INT. HOUSE/MAIN LIVING AREA - DAY** 35B

A few moments later -

- the sound of men coming up the stairs, quickly.

Both the two IRAQI SCOUTS, SIDAR and FARID appear.

They look scared.

ERIK appears at the doorway to the bedroom.

RAY and SAM stare at the IRAQI SCOUTS.

SIDAR
Captain Erik, Captain Erik. That's no good. No good.

SAM
What are they saying?

SIDAR
They are saying - we call on all Muslims for jihad.

RAY checks his watch.

Makes a note of the time.

Starts writing.

SIDAR (CONT'D)
Jihad to come now. To kill you. Kill Americans.

ERIK hears it.

Doesn't like it.

But doesn't react much.

ERIK
Go keep lower deck locked down.

Neither SCOUT moves.

SAM points back at the stairs.

SAM
Downstairs. Keep it fucking secure.

The two SCOUTS exchange a glance.

Then head back down the stairs.

The broadcast suddenly stops.

SAM moves to ERIK.

SAM (CONT'D)
Think they're going to do it?

ERIK
We'll find out.

SAM
Yessir. Either way, we're locked on.

ERIK
Okay. You've been at it a while. Let's swap.

SAM and ERIK swap.

ERIK takes position by the window.

CUT TO -

36 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 36

- RAY, concentrating on the chatter coming in over his headphones.

SAM sits next to RAY, where ERIK had been.

SAM offers RAY dip.

RAY takes it.

Uneasy silence between them.

CUT TO -

37 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 37

- ELLIOTT, reaching in his pockets.

Pulling out dip - chewing tobacco.

The can is empty.

ELLIOTT
Frank. Jump on this. I'm out of dip and need a stretch.

FRANK
Yep.

FRANK taking over the rifle from ELLIOTT.

As FRANK settles on to the scope, ELLIOTT looks through his kit.

Finds a fresh can.

Stretches out the discomfort in his limbs.

FRANK scans through the scope.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Yeah. We have definite massing.
(into radio)
Six MAMs just exited building three in my sector.

COWBOY
(over radio)
I'm seeing the same where we are.

TOMMY carefully peeks through the PEACH CURTAINS.

ELLIOTT taps FRANK.

FRANK comes off his rifle, and slides his legs over the edge of the table.

Stands.

As ELLIOTT takes over -

- FRANK goes to the corner of the room and starts to piss into a bottle.

AT THAT MOMENT -

- there is a sudden flurry of movement, DIRECTLY outside the two holes that were knocked in the exterior walls.

Through the SNIPER HOLE - a dark defocused shape suddenly obscures the view.

Without anyone hearing or realising, Al-Qaeda fighters have crept onto their building via the rooftops -

- and are now ON the BALCONY.

Just outside the SNIPER room. Literally a few feet away from the soldiers.

The NEXT MOMENT -

- a GRENADE is simply pushed through the hole.

It hits the mesh/netting - which makes it fall directly downwards.

In front of ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT
Grenade -

INSTINCTIVELY -

- ELLIOTT braces himself.

He drops his head, and clamps his arms to his sides.

TOMMY and FRANK both turn to the wall.

CUT TO -

38 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 38

- RAY and SAM.

Reacting as the GRENADE hits the floor of the SNIPER ROOM.

Hearing the distinctive METALLIC CLINKING sound as it lands.

SAM
(stunned)
Fucking grenades -

RAY throws himself BACKWARDS.

Pulling his legs up.

Trying to roll into the room behind him.

BEFORE HE HAS COMPLETED THIS ACTION -

- there is a shockingly loud BANG, as the grenade EXPLODES.

Through the door to the SNIPER ROOM -

- the room erupts with grey smoke.

Debris and particles fly towards RAY.

THE NEXT MOMENT -

- gunfire starts.

When RAY lifts his head to look in the direction of the SNIPER ROOM -

- through the hanging dust and smoke, he can see the PEACH CURTAINS, that are drawn across the window.

They are dancing.

Flicking and plucking, as bullets fly through the material, into the room.

The sight arrests him - momentarily.

CUT TO -

39 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 39

- TOMMY.

He has been fragged. Small cuts.

He turns back from the wall.

Lifts his MK 48 MACHINE GUN and starts firing back through the window.

Behind him, ELLIOTT has managed to exit the room.

FRANK is following ELLIOTT.

TOMMY is shuffle-footing with FRANK, continuing to fire.

CUT TO -

40 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 40

- RAY.

He starts CRAWLING FORWARDS towards his radio pack.

As RAY crawls forward -

- ERIK appears at the doorway to the MAIN BEDROOM.

- SAM picks himself up.

RAY gets to his radio.

As he starts strapping it on -

- FRANK and ELLIOTT start emerging from the SNIPER ROOM.

They are also crawling.

ELLIOTT is bleeding from somewhere on his arm. Blood is streaming down his left hand as he pulls himself forwards.

AROUND RAY -

- ERIK is shouting from the doorway.

ERIK
Elliott - Frank - Tommy - you good?

None respond.

SAM
Elliott!

RAY pulls on his headphones -

- and immediately hears that OP-2, in their position a couple of streets away, are ALSO being attacked.

Through the headphones, RAY can hear the loud crackle of sustained gunfire.

JAKE
(over radio)
- our position under small-arms fire -

RAY looks up and sees ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT has got himself to the corner of the room.

FRANK is crouched beside him.

It's unclear whether FRANK is also injured.

RAY starts moving towards them.

As he does so -

- he looks to the METAL DOOR to the BALCONY.

Through the sliver of light, where the door is unable to close fully, RAY sees a dark shape pass across it.

RAY
MOVEMENT. BALCONY.

RAY starts firing, rolling the door, firing as he crosses it, directly through the metal.

He empties an entire magazine.

ERIK moves up to RAY'S position, and also fires through the metal door -

- as RAY reloads.

And continues firing.

Empties his entire second magazine.

In the aftermath from RAY firing in the room -

- it becomes clear that the gunfire from directly outside has stopped.

But now they can hear the slightly more distant gunfire from the firefight at OP-2's position.

CUT TO -

- FRANK.

Still crouched.

He looks dazed. Staring into space. Mentally locked out of what is happening around him.

CUT TO -

- ELLIOTT.

He is lifting himself to a standing position, leaning against the wall.

He's staring at his hand.

Blood is streaming off his fingertips and splashing onto the floor.

He angry that he's been hit. And scared.

ELLIOTT
Motherfucker. Fuck.

ERIK calls to ELLIOTT.

ERIK
How bad is it?

ELLIOTT
I'm okay.

SAM starts checking over ELLIOTT to make sure he's not critically hurt.

There's a lot of blood from ELLIOTT'S arm, but not an amount that would mean a vein had been cut.

SAM jokes to ELLIOTT, to calm him.

SAM
Hey. You're going to get to see the girls of Charlie Med.

ERIK
Sam?

SAM
Yeah, he's okay. But we need to casevac him.

RAY starts radioing to HQ.

RAY
This is Frogman-6 Romeo, we are troops in contact at our last known position. More info to follow. Stand by.

CONCURRENTLY -

- LT MACDONALD is also radioing in to get air support pulled back to them.

LT MACDONALD
Wild Eagle base, Wild Eagle 2-4, we are troops in contact, requesting immediate air support.

SIDAR appears at the top of the stairwell, followed by FARID.

He looks around.

Sees ELLIOTT.

He looks extremely frightened. Eyes wide. Staring.

ERIK radios JAKE at OP-2.

ERIK
Alpha 2. This is 1. We just had grenades thrown into our position.

ERIK is adrenalinised. In the hyper-aware state after a contact has started.

JAKE
(over radio)
Copy, 1. We're in contact too.

ERIK
Elliott is injured. Are we coming to you or are you coming to us?

JAKE
(over radio)
Stand by.

SAM looks round at the SCOUTS.

They are standing - looking dazed.

SAM
(hard)
Hey.

The SCOUTS look at SAM.

SAM (CONT'D)
Get down there. Lock it down.

FARID and SIDAR go down the stairs.

RAY
I think there's still dudes on our roof.

ERIK is getting his head together. Making sure he speaks clearly.

ERIK
Okay. All OPs are under attack. This mission is over. Here's what we do. We're going to collapse to the first deck and casevac Elliott. Break it down. Let's get ready to move.

LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS start hurriedly packing their gear.

LT MACDONALD makes a move for the BALCONY DOOR.

SGT LAERRUS catches his arm.

SGT LAERRUS
Where you going?

LT MACDONALD
Got to go out. Get the receiver.

SGT LAERRUS
Bro. Not a good idea.

ERIK
No.

LT MACDONALD
... Right.

LT MACDONALD starts winding in the cable, to drag the receiver through the METAL DOOR.

CONCURRENT WITH THIS -

- RAY relays to HQ.

RAY
(into radio)
Manchu, Frogman. We need a casevac at our last known position. Over.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio)
Confirm sector and building number.

RAY
(into radio)
OP-1 location as follows. Papa 1-0, building 5-8. How copy.

MANCHU X-RAY
Papa 1-0, building 5-8.

RAY
(into radio)
Good readback.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio)
Any amplifying remarks? Over.

RAY glances at ELLIOTT.

SAM is checking the wound on ELLIOTT'S arm.

RAY
Negative. No amplifying remarks.
Just casevac. Advise on ETA.
Over.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio)
Roger that. Stand by. Over.

RAY starts getting his kit back on.

Vest chest-harness over his body-armour plate.

Helmet over his headphones.

CUT TO -

ELLIOTT.

He's starting to come round out of shock.

ELLIOTT
Guys. My shit is still in there.

RAY looks round.

SAM is dealing with ELLIOTT'S wound.

RAY
Where is it?

ELLIOTT
I don't fucking know. It's in
there somewhere.

RAY
I'll grab it.

FRANK
My shit's in there too.

RAY moves to the doorway.

Peeks inside.

Sees -

- the PEACH CURTAINS, still hanging over the window.

Now pierced with bullet holes.

Everything else is chaos. The room looks completely different.

Scorched. The tables are flipped over. Everything is piled or shredded or covered in debris.

RAY takes a beat.

He doesn't want to go inside.

But although there is constant gunfire from OP-2's position, there is no more gunfire from directly outside their position.

RAY runs in.

41 **INT. HOUSE/SNIPER ROOM - DAY** 41

RAY hurriedly tries to search through the jumble of debris and mats and rugs.

IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS DAY -

- this is the moment RAY is aware of feeling the most fear.

He knows people are right outside the windows.

At any moment, he's expecting another burst of gunfire to start punching in through the peach curtains.

He hunts around the debris, but he can't immediately find ELLIOTT'S kit.

He just wants to get out of there.

42 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 42

ERIK hears JAKE at OP-2 the radio.

JAKE
(over radio)
Alpha 1, we're moving to you. We'll let you know when we're inbound.

ERIK
Copy.

RAY exits back into the main room.

RAY
I can't find shit. I don't know where the fuck it is.

ELLIOTT
It's in there.

RAY
I can't find it, bro.

HQ comes in over the radio.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio)
Frogman-6 Romeo, casevac is inbound. Callsign Bushmaster on ID 7-5-5. ETA ten minutes. Over.

RAY
(into radio)
Copy. Bushmaster 7-5-5.

RAY relays to ERIK.

RAY (CONT'D)
Bradley launched. ETA ten minutes.

ERIK
Okay.
(to platoon)
Stack up. Get ready to collapse. We're moving down.

RAY
(repeats)
Sir, I think there's still guys on our building.

ERIK
Sam - blow the Claymores as we move.

SAM
Yessir.

ERIK
(into radio)
Alpha 2 - we'll be blowing Claymores.

JAKE
(over radio)
Affirm.

ELLIOTT
(assertive)
Guys, I need my shit. There's C-4 in my backpack.

ERIK
Yeah. I'll find it.

ERIK gestures to TOMMY.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Tommy. Sam.

They both move to the door of the SNIPER ROOM.

TOMMY enters first.

Followed by ERIK and SAM.

TOMMY holds security while ERIK searches.

A few moments later, ERIK re-emerges with ELLIOTT'S pack, HELMET, and RIFLE.

SAM helps ELLIOTT get his equipment on.

RAY assists.

Then the SEALS stack up, ready to move into the stairwell.

They arrange in this order - ERIK, ELLIOTT, FRANK, SAM, RAY.

As they position, SAM pulls out the trigger for the CLAYMORES.

In a few seconds they are ready to go.

Then -

SAM
Fire in the hole.

CUT TO -

43 **EXT. HOUSE/BALCONY - DAY** 43

- the CLAYMORES.

One beat.

Then they EXPLODE.

44 **EXT. HOUSE - DAY** 44

A massive detonation along the front face of the house.

45 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 45

The shockwave blows dust off the walls and floor.

It is as if the entire building and the ground beneath it have jolted.

The scale of the explosion seems to take all the SEALS by surprise - bigger and more extreme than they were expecting.

ERIK
(yells)
Go, go.

The SEALS start moving down the stairwell.

46 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 46

The SEALS move off the stairs, into the HALL.

SIDAR is in with the IRAQI FAMILY.

The family look frozen in total confusion and horror as the SEALS pass.

The daughters are crying. Panicking.

The MOTHER looks like she's screaming.

We can't hear her.

The family have dropped into a transcendent state of fear and confusion.

The invasion, the grenades and the gunfire.

The destruction of their home.

The deafening sound of the Claymores.

The blood splashing on the hall floor as ELLIOTT passes them.

47 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 47

The SEALS enter the KITCHEN.

TOMMY is holding his MACHINE GUN on the open front door.

FARID and the two Marines, LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS, are with him.

A new voice comes in over RAY'S radio.

This is the driver of the BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - a tank with rear door that can been lowered, to allow easy access for troops.

The BRADLEY is the vehicle that has been sent for ELLIOTT'S medical evacuation.

BUSHMASTER 1
(over radio)
Frogman-6 Romeo, this is Bushmaster. Your casevac is inbound. We are seven minutes from your position. Over.

RAY
Bushmaster, copy.
(to the SEALS)
Bradley ETA seven minutes.

ERIK
Okay.

ERIK radios JAKE.

ERIK (CONT'D)
(to Jake)
Alpha 2, we are prepping to receive casevac. Are you guys broken down yet?

Over JAKE'S radio, the distant firefight at OP-2 suddenly sounds extremely intense.

JAKE
(over radio)
Negative, 1. Not yet.

RAY taps ELLIOTT.

RAY
You good?

ELLIOTT meets RAY'S gaze.

RAY and ELLIOTT are like brothers. Closer to each other than they are to their actual families.

ELLIOTT
Yeah, yeah. Good.

RAY nods.

ERIK addresses everyone.

ERIK
Okay. Here's the breakout plan. Macadoo, Surreal - you're covering the family.

LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS nod.

LT MACDONALD
Yessir.

ERIK
Ray, you're right here. When the tank rolls up, Frank pops smoke. The Iraqi scouts are going to lead us out. It's going to be Elliott, Sam, and I'm taking up the rear. Once Elliott gets in the tank, we're all going to come back inside the building.

SAM
I'll get Elliott to the Cash.

RAY reacts.

The Cash is the Corps Area Support Hospital.

BUSHMASTER 1
(over radio)
Frogman, this is Bushmaster. Advise on how to receive you. Over.

RAY
Bushmaster, we will be extracting two pax, exiting from metal gate, directly outside our building. Over.

BUSHMASTER 1
(over radio)
Copy, Frogman. Two pax, metal gate. ETA five minutes, over.

RAY relays.

RAY
Tank five minutes.

ERIK radios to JAKE.

ERIK
Alpha 2, we're going to breakout once the tank gets here. When we get Elliott evacuated, we're pulling back to our house. Once in our position, we're prepping to receive you. Is there anything we can do to facilitate your movement to us?

Again, when we hear JAKE, there is the backdrop of intense GUNFIRE.

JAKE
(over radio)
Just don't fucking shoot us when we roll up.

LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS move to relieve SIDAR from covering the IRAQI FAMILY.

SAM goes with them.

48 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 48

SAM enters the bedroom off the hall, with SIDAR and the IRAQI family.

In a way, SIDAR looks as frightened as the family to see SAM.

SAM
(to Sidar)
You, with me.

SIDAR
... Now?

SAM
Now.

SIDAR follows SAM.

LT MACDONALD and SGT LAERRUS take over from SIDAR.

The family stare at them, terrified.

There's nothing the two Marines can say to them.

CUT TO -

49 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 49

SAM enters the KITCHEN with SIDAR.

They pass FRANK - who is still in shock.

CUT TO -

- RAY.

OVER RAY'S HEADPHONES we hear a constant stream of chatter between HQ, AIR SUPPORT, and JAKE at OP-2.

RADIO
(PROFANE 5-4)
- seeing group closing from north-east of their position, count six individuals -
(MANCHU X-RAY)
- Cash made aware and ready to receive wounded -
(BUSHMASTER 1)
- three minutes out from their position -
(JAKE)
- estimate we are ten minutes behind, unable to breakout until -

As RAY listens -

- he watches SAM physically position the IRAQI SCOUTS in the stack, lining them up in the lead position ahead of ELLIOTT.

He notices how scared the SCOUTS are.

The fear is partly in their posture. The way they are hunched forwards, as if expecting something about to surprise them from behind. The way they are tightly gripping their AK-47s.

It’s also in their behaviour. They talk rapidly in Arabic to each other. But when SAM talks to them, it is as if they are looking through him. Not quite hearing or understanding. Overwhelmed by the inputs and the confusion.

BUSHMASTER 1
(over radio)
Frogman, we are two mikes. Over.

RAY
Tank is two minutes out.

OP-1
Two minutes.

A moment of silence, as -

- through the crackle of gunfire from OP-2’s position, they start to hear -

- the distinctive grinding sound of a TANK ENGINE.

ERIK
I hear it. Frank - prep the smoke.

FRANK takes one HEAVY-CONCEALMENT SMOKE GRENADE from his belt.

Steps closer to the FRONT ENTRANCE, beside the stack.

The TANK ENGINE is getting louder.

The SEALS do final checks.

RAY
Tank is one minute.

OP-1
One minute.

ERIK
Frank. Smoke out.

FRANK steps to the ENTRANCE DOOR.

He pulls the pin from the SMOKE GRENADE.

Throws it.

But wherever it lands -

- it evidently hasn’t been thrown quite far enough.

Within seconds -

- the COURTYARD directly outside the front entrance has filled with dense white smoke.

And moments later, the smoke starts ROLLING IN to the kitchen through the open FRONT ENTRANCE DOOR.

SAM
Fuck -

Chaos starting to descend.

Visibility clouding.

Everyone starts coughing.

Through the coughing -

- we hear the TANK arrive.

RAY
Tank is here.

ERIK
Breakout, breakout, breakout.

SAM physically drives the IRAQI SCOUTS forward.

SAM
Go, go, go.

The STACK moves out through the door.

RAY loses sight of them into the smoke.

The situation doesn't feel right.

He wants to get eyes on them.

He hesitates a moment.

Then follows.

50 **EXT. HOUSE/COURTYARD - DAY** 50

RAY steps into the courtyard.

In the dense white smoke -

- he glimpses the shadow shape of ERIK.

Then ERIK vanishes again.

RAY moves to the edge of the courtyard.

Around the cover of the HIGH WALL, to the start of the DRIVEWAY.

As he peers into the smoke, trying to see the others -

CUT TO -

51 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 51

- the STACK, moving down the DRIVEWAY.

Bunched up - hardly able to see each other.

The TANK ENGINE is LOUD.

SIDAR and FARID reach the METAL GATE.

They pull it open.

They step through -

- onto the road.

52 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 52

On the road, the smoke is slightly thinner.

The SCOUTS see -

- the BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE TANK, pulled up just to the right of the gate, is facing the building.

The REAR RAMP is open, ready to receive ELLIOTT.

Through the open hatch, they can see the legs of the TANK GUNNER, standing up in his gun hatch.

SIDAR goes left, to give cover.

FARID goes right, towards the TANK.

ELLIOTT follows directly behind.

He steps into the road.

SAM is just behind ELLIOTT, at the metal gate.

ERIK is a few steps behind SAM, still in the driveway.

Then -

- an IED explodes.

Hidden at some point, just to the left of the gate.

Perhaps during the night.

Perhaps in the morning, shortly before the house was attacked.

It is a huge explosion.

It rips out directly along the ground, at waist-height.

The IED is a high-level, expertly constructed device. Of the sort provided to insurgent forces by Iran and Syria.

Aside from the explosive charge, the IED contains metal shrapnel and white phosphorus. It spreads chunks of fiercely burning material into the area, and anyone in it.

FARID is blown in half. His body is completely destroyed, just below the ribcage.

His chest, shoulders, arms, and head remain in one piece, and land a few feet from where he was standing.

ELLIOTT is caught in the legs.

Below the knee area, both legs are extremely badly damaged. Bones are shattered. Muscle is shredded. Below the knee, only sinews and strips of flesh hold his legs and feet together.

SAM catches similar damage, but only in his right leg.

CUT TO -

53 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 53

- RAY.

Caught in the shockwave of the explosion.

He is thrown backwards.

Hits the wall of the house.

Is knocked unconscious.

CUT TO -

54 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 54

- the road.

SUDDENLY BLACK.

As if the sun has been taken out of the sky. Dark with the hanging dust and smoke.

As gunfire suddenly erupts.

Shooting, from no clear locations.

Bullets start to hit the TANK.

Through the open rear doors, we can see the TANK GUNNER.

Somehow, he has been wounded in the leg.

CUT TO -

55 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 55

- IN THE DARKNESS, somewhere in the courtyard, TOMMY lies unconscious.

His eyes flutter.

Through his daze, he can hear SAM SCREAMING.

SAM
OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD.

CUT TO -

- IN THE DARKNESS, somewhere in the courtyard, ERIK lies unconscious.

ERIK comes to.

He is dazed.

There is a strange yellow hue to the darkness.

He takes a lungful of air.

The air is so hot that it literally burns his oesophagus.

There is also a chemical stench in the air. It feels poisonous. Sharp, acrid, toxic.

He has no choice but to breathe it in.

He feels pain in his chest, as if his lungs are being torn out.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS -

- SAM'S words become screaming.

No words. Desperate, animal screams.

Continuous.

ERIK starts crawling forward, towards the screaming.

He moves through the gate.

56 **INT. ROAD - DAY** 56

ERIK crawls into the road.

He sees -

- the shape of the BRADLEY through the smoke and dust.

The top half of one of the Iraqi scouts.

ELLIOTT, lying a little distance away.

Nearer, SAM. Screaming.

Both SAM and ELLIOTT seem to be on fire.

Their legs seem to be lying in the wrong direction.

ERIK crawls to SAM.

Reaches him.

Starts patting out the fire with his hands.

One of SAM'S feet looks like it's about to fall off.

ERIK starts to drag SAM while crawling.

Then stands, to pull him.

He gets him through the gate.

CUT TO -

- the BRADLEY.

The rear doors start to rise.

The TANK starts to move.

In a few seconds, it is gone.

The street is empty except for the bodies of the dead and wounded.

Smoke drifts through the scene.

The sound of the TANK engine fades.

The noise of gunfire continues.

SIDAR picks himself up.

He is streaked in blood. Wounded.

But he manages to get to his feet. And then start to run.

57 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 57

- RAY.

He is lying unconscious.

Half propped up against the wall. Tipped over to his side.

Beats pass.

Then -

- RAY wakes with a jolt.

Sudden awareness.

He can see almost nothing in the smoke.

From somewhere, he can hear SAM screaming.

RAY gets up.

He starts to move towards where he knows the METAL GATE must be.

He sees no one.

No dark shapes or figures in the smoke.

He moves again.

Then stops.

Suddenly aware he might run into the gate.

He steps forwards.

Holds his hands out.

Sees the gate.

Gets a hand to it.

CUT TO -

58 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 58

- TOMMY getting to his feet.

Confused.

Staggering.

He moves back towards the air bricks.

Stops at the wall.

Turns back.

Lifts his gun - and fires a few rounds. Angled up, roughly towards the buildings opposite. Almost blindly into the smoke.

59 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 59

RAY steps into the road.

The sound of SAM screaming has inexplicably stopped.

There is no sound.

He walks past the top section of FARID'S body.

Clumps of burning phosphorus are spread on the ground.

Wind is blowing.

It is sporadically clearing and returning the smoke from the driveway.

Revealing and hiding the street.

RAY sees -

- ELLIOTT.

He's lying a few feet away.

Aside from his shattered legs, his arm is broken.

He is covered in a thick layer of dirt, from head to toe.

Beneath the dirt, blood is oozing, like water pushing up from beneath dry soil.

He has been burned.

Pellets of burning phosphorus are still embedded in his body.

The metal casing of his bullet magazines, strapped to his torso, have been curved by the force of the explosion.

Just above the curved magazines, the thick antennae on his radio has been sheared off.

RAY stares at ELLIOTT.

RAY'S chin starts to tremble, like a kid on the verge of tears.

RAY
No - no - no - no -

RAY can't move.

His mind is completely emotionally overloaded. Overwhelmed.

The surge of inputs are too extreme.

RAY is locked into this frozen state.

Seconds pass.

Ten seconds.

Twenty.

Thirty.

The time passing feels stretched.

Infinite.

Then -

- RAY starts to hear a SNAPPING SOUND.

It is the sounds of bullets breaking the sound barrier.

Passing nearby.

Then he becomes aware of bullet impacts.

Rounds, kicking up dust as they hit the ground.

Hit the wall.

He realises -

- the impacts are everywhere.

Around the whole area.

Automatically, RAY lifts his rifle.

He returns fire across the street.

At the rooftops. The windows.

Ten or fifteen rounds.

Then he moves into action.

He reaches down, and finds ELLIOTT'S grab handle - the handle attached to a soldier's backpack, providing a grip so they can be dragged.

As he drags ELLIOTT -

- RAY'S hearing and awareness of his environment is growing more acute.

The sound of the gunshots becomes louder, and more penetrating.

As they grow louder, they become more alarming.

The emotional overload of seeing ELLIOTT, and the post-concussion daze, is being replaced with awareness, and the sense of self-preservation.

In addition, RAY starts to become aware of the RADIO CHATTER coming over his headphones, coming from TANK, HQ, and AIR SUPPORT.

The noise has been there the whole time. But he hasn't been hearing it.

FROM NOW UNTIL RAY REMOVES HIS HEADPHONES, THERE IS A CONSTANT BACKDROP OF RADIO CHATTER.

And to COMPOUND THE SENSE OF NIGHTMARE -

- at EXACTLY the rate that RAY'S awareness, alarm, and sense of urgency is growing -

- he is slowing down, increasingly struggling with the weight of ELLIOTT'S body.

Dragging a man of ELLIOTT'S size is exhausting in a way that adrenalin can't override.

RAY'S legs are burning. He's breathing hard, but can't get enough oxygen into his system.

Eventually he is only managing to drag ELLIOTT a single step at a time.

Between breaths, RAY starts shouting.

RAY (CONT'D)
On me. One on me. Give me one.

It's a call for help.

No one comes.

Eventually -

- he manages to get ELLIOTT to the end of the DRIVEWAY.

But as he pulls ELLIOTT into the courtyard, around the cover of the HIGH WALL with ventilating air bricks -

- ELLIOTT'S legs catch on something.

The shredded parts of his lower legs have hooked around the corner of the wall.

He is stuck - part in cover, half out.

RAY can't pull harder without the risk of tearing ELLIOTT'S lower legs off.

And he can't go back around the wall and free the legs without re-exposing himself to the gunfire.

RAY releases ELLIOTT'S drag handle.

Then goes back to the FRONT ENTRANCE of the house.

60 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 60

When RAY appears in the front entrance, he is initially confused by the sight in front of him.

SAM is lying on the kitchen floor, and ERIK is trying to give SAM first aid.

ERIK is simultaneously talking into his comms.

His voice sounds hoarse through his burned throat.

But though he sounds winded and dazed, we can hear the overwhelming sense of urgency in his voice.

ERIK
(into radio)
Jake - we just got slammed. We got hit really bad. We've taken massive casualties. Anticipating coordinated enemy attack on our position at any moment. We need you to collapse to us. Time, now.

One of SAM'S legs seems unscathed. But the other, the right leg, is damaged very similarly to ELLIOTT. Brutally torn apart below the knee.

FRANK is standing on the other side of the room.

TOMMY is standing where he was left, theoretically covering the entrance with his machine gun.

But TOMMY is not watching the entrance. Nor is FRANK.

They are both staring at SAM'S leg. Eyes like saucers.

Then -

- sensing the figure in the doorway, TOMMY turns.

He shifts his wide-eyed stare from SAM'S leg to RAY.

But he says nothing.

Beat.

RAY
... What are you doing?

TOMMY doesn't reply.

RAY (CONT'D)
(harder)
What are you *doing*? I need you to *help* me. Get the fuck *out* here.

TOMMY moves towards RAY.

61 **EXT. HOUSE/COURTYARD - DAY** 61

TOMMY sees ELLIOTT, lying at the edge of the wall.

RAY
Cover high, cover high.

TOMMY'S training kicks in.

He moves up to the corner of the wall, by ELLIOTT'S body.

Swings his machine gun up, sweeping the rooftops.

RAY ducks around the corner of the wall, out into the open.

He frees the bloody tangle of ELLIOTT'S legs, where they had snagged on the bricks.

RAY (CONT'D)
Get his grab handle.

TOMMY gets a hold of the handle.

RAY holds Elliott's legs - gripping them by the material of his pants, behind the knees.

Then they start carrying ELLIOTT back towards the house.

62 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 62

TOMMY and RAY pull ELLIOTT into the kitchen and lay him out beside SAM.

LT MACDONALD has entered to assist ERIK.

SGT LAERRUS has appeared at the door to the hall.

ERIK is talking to SAM, but RAY can't hear what he's saying.

RAY becomes aware of the RADIO NOISE through his headphones.

He disconnects his radio on his chest -

- and the CONSTANT CHATTER abruptly stops.

Now RAY can hear the room around him.

SAM is making a loud, continuous moaning noise.

ERIK is talking.

ERIK
(into radio)
Alpha 2, Alpha 1 - I need you move to us now -

JAKE
(over radio)
I'm tracking but where are you guys.

ERIK
(into radio)
You look for the blood and smoke.

CUT TO -

RAY starts trying to give ELLIOTT a head-to-toe sweep, to assess his injuries.

But there's dirt and torn muscle everywhere.

He's completely soaked in blood.

He tries to check for a PULSE on ELLIOTT'S neck but feels nothing.

And when he starts cutting ELLIOTT'S gear off, RAY finds a hole in ELLIOTT'S shoulder, the size of a softball.

It's impossible to know where to start.

Then -

- the assessment is SUDDENLY interrupted -

- as bullets start striking the outside wall of the building.

And the NEXT MOMENT -

- a sequence of GRENADES start detonating.

The explosions are in the COURTYARD and DRIVEWAY.

Just a few feet away.

The noise and concussion of the detonations is overwhelming.

They are hammer-blows of brutalising shocks.

CUT TO -

- ERIK.

Instinctively hunching with each explosion.

AT THIS MOMENT, and FROM HERE ON, something in ERIK changes.

Aside from shock and toxic smoke inhalation, ERIK is suffering from the effects of CONCUSSION.

He seems part-dissociated from the events around him - as if thoughts and actions are having to penetrate through a fog.

CUT TO -

- RAY.

Through the deafening noise, he finds himself shouting:

RAY
Two rooms deep. Two rooms deep.
Go, go.

It's a piece of entrenched memory training, kicking in.

The soldiers react.

They start trying to drag SAM and ELLIOTT deeper into the house, to the hall.

ERIK and LT MACDONALD try to pick up SAM.

RAY and TOMMY pick up ELLIOTT.

But ERIK and LT MACDONALD struggle with SAM'S dead weight.

And as soon as they lift him, his moaning becomes SCREAMING.

RAY moves to help them with SAM.

They carry him through -

63 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 63

- to the HALL.

And lay him out.

NOTE - that RAY is ALSO suffering from shock and concussion.

For him, it takes a different form to ERIK.

Rather than dissociation, he experiences powerful SURGES, alternating between -

- AWARENESS of what is happening, with CLEAR THINKING.

- a state of being TOTALLY OVERWHELMED, similar to the frozen moment in the road, when he first saw ELLIOTT'S body.

It is as if his mind becomes so filled with inputs and processes and the extremeness of the situation that he slips into a DAZE.

Inside the daze, he has no knowledge that he has stopped functioning for a few moments.

It is only when he ‘wakes’ from the state that he realises he has drifted. Each time he ‘wakes’, he feels a strange sense of surprise - *what just happened?*

ONE OF THESE DAZE STATES HAPPENS NOW.

RAY is kneeling by SAM’S body.

ERIK is on the other side of SAM’S body.

Looking around at something. As if distracted.

SAM is screaming, but inaudible.

BEHIND ERIK - the Iraqi BROTHER from upstairs is shouting.

SGT LAERRUS is trying to calm him.

The moment extends.

Then -

- RAY ‘wakes’.

And finds that -

- ELLIOTT has been carried through to the HALL, and is lying at the feet of SAM.

LT MACDONALD and TOMMY are with him.

TOMMY then takes up position by the hall entrance.

SAM has stopped screaming, and is moaning again.

SGT LAERRUS is covering the door to the IRAQI FAMILY.

RAY clicks back into gear.

He activates his comms.

RAY
Manchu-6 X-Ray, this is Frogman-6 Romeo.

There is no response over the radio.

RAY (CONT’D)
Manchu-6 X-Ray, this is Frogman-6 Romeo.

No response again.

RAY realises that he shut down his radio when he started to assess ELLIOTT in the kitchen.

He reconnects -

- and suddenly he can hear JAKE is talking. Gunfire in background again.

But now that they are deeper inside the house, the RADIO SIGNAL is bad. Intermittent.

JAKE
- for OP-1 position - we are in contact, will be breaking out hot in -

RAY switches channel.

RAY
Manchu-6 X-Ray, this is Frogman-6 Romeo. We have taken two casualties. We're going to need another casevac as soon as possible. Be advised there was an IED that caused the injuries. Over.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio, bad signal)
Frogman, say again.

RAY
Manchu-6 X-Ray, this is Frogman-6 Romeo. We have two severely wounded. We need another casevac. Over.

SAM has heard this exchange.

It's the first words we've heard him speak since his leg was half-blown off.

SAM
(panicking)
Who's the severely wounded?

SAM has no understanding of the state of his leg.

RAY
It's not you.

SAM
But who is it?

RAY
Sam - not you. Don't worry about it.

SAM
Is it me?

RAY
No. No way. You're all good.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio, bad signal)
Frogman, understand two casualties.

RAY
Be advised of IED, over.

MANCHU X-RAY
(over radio, bad signal)
Roger that. Stand by. Over.

RAY looks over at ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT is lying motionless, on his back, as if dead.

He has given no sign of life since being found in the road.

TOMMY is standing beside ELLIOTT -

- but is doing nothing. He's just kneeling there.

The sight of ELLIOTT starts to overwhelm RAY. It's too hard for him to look at.

RAY looks away.

LT MACDONALD is trying get his shit together, and work out what he can do to be helpful.

He takes in the scene. The chaos and blood, and confusion.

He finds himself speaking.

LT MACDONALD
Hey. We've got air back. We can't do gun runs because the bad guys are right on top of us. But we can coordinate a show of force. Do you want me to do it?

RAY
Do it.

LT MACDONALD
(into radio)
Profane 54, Wild Eagle 24,
requesting immediate show of force
our position, over our position
OP-1, from east to west.

As LT MACDONALD is radioing in, RAY turns to SAM.

To his LEG.

Training gives him an action to carry out.

RAY reaches into his med-kit, and pulls out GAUZE.

He starts attempting to dress SAM'S wound.

But the blood immediately saturates the material. It's useless.

RAY
I need more gauze.

Beat.

RAY (CONT'D)
... Guys. I need more gauze.

Someone hands him another dressing.

He applies it -

- and the same thing happens.

The GAUZE is useless.

Pointless.

And as RAY stares at it -

- there is a sudden, rushing, ROAR of DEAFENING NOISE.

It is a FIGHTER JET passing very low, directly over their position.

The jet is doing a SHOW OF FORCE - deliberately using the sound of the engines to intimidate enemy attackers - and making them believe a bombing run might be about to start.

When the jet has passed, and the STUNNING BLAST of NOISE has subsided -

- RAY has sunk back into a DAZE STATE.

He is zoned in on SAM'S wound.

The drenched useless dressing.

The way the leg is almost hanging off.

The blood, that has entirely soaked SAM below the waist.

Moments pass.

Noises blur.

Become tone.

The moment extends.

And extends.

Then -

- in a RUSH, as if ALL SENSES RETURNING AT ONCE -

- RAY snaps back into focus.

He looks up from SAM.

Jabs a finger at SGT LAERRUS.

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey. *Bro*. I need you to take over comms for me.

SGT LAERRUS
... Okay. I got it.

RAY looks to FRANK.

Sees -

- FRANK is standing at the side of the room.

Beside him, the IRAQI FAMILY are in the same room they have been held in since the previous night.

No one is securing the FAMILY any more, but they aren't moving.

Their expressions are beyond fear. It is more as if, in a literal way, they can't believe or comprehend what is happening.

RAY shouts at FRANK.

RAY
Frank.

FRANK doesn't react.

RAY (CONT'D)
Frank.

FRANK hears.

RAY (CONT'D)
Lock the fucking stairwell down.
There's guys up there.

FRANK moves off the wall.

On training autopilot.

64 **INT. HOUSE/STAIRS - DAY** 64

FRANK enters the stairwell, and brings his weapon up to cover the entry point.

CUT TO -

65 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 65

- SGT LAERRUS.

SGT LAERRUS
Wild Eagle base, this Wild Eagle 2-6, requesting you push air support over our grid at this time. We are receiving small-arms fire, grenades. Two severely wounded. We need air support. Over.

WILD EAGLE BASE
(over radio, bad signal)
Roger that. Stand by.

CUT TO -

- LT MACDONALD moving to kneel beside ELLIOTT.

He does an injury survey. Aside from the terrible damage to ELLIOTT'S legs, he finds wounds everywhere, including bad shrapnel injuries ELLIOTT'S lower abdomen.

CUT TO -

- RAY, starting cutting away the material of SAM'S pants.

As soon as RAY starts doing this, SAM starts screaming.

SAM
NO, NO, NO! DON'T, DON'T! NO, NO -

The words become unintelligible.

Just continuous screaming.

RAY rips away the material.

SAM isn't wearing underwear.

Blood is pouring from somewhere on SAM'S upper leg.

RAY moves SAM'S penis, looking for the wound.

SAM continues to scream.

RAY finds a U-SHAPED WOUND on SAM'S thigh.

It's bleeding profusely - a major source of SAM'S blood loss, above the knee.

SAM starts begging.

SAM (CONT'D)
Please - just stop.

RAY
Sam - I've got to get a tourniquet on you.

SAM
No, don't. Don't touch me.

RAY
Sam -

SAM
No - Ray, don't. Just please don't touch my leg any more.

RAY
I've got to.

SAM
No - no. Don't touch me. No, no, no.

CONCURRENT TO THIS -

- LT MACDONALD is talking to ELLIOTT, even though ELLIOTT is giving no sign of being conscious.

LT MACDONALD
Hey, bro - someone's here, someone's helping you. You just hang in there. I've got you. I'm pretty sure your leg is not good, but I'm going to get a tourniquet on. It's coming over your boot now.

As he talks, he is trying to get a tourniquet to slide up one of ELLIOTT'S incredibly damaged legs. But it's impossible.

LT MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Okay - okay bro, this isn't going to work. Your leg's like a tree trunk, man. I'm going to disassemble this. Do it that way.

CUT TO -

- RAY.

Finding a tourniquet in his med-kit.

CUT TO -

- SGT LAERRUS, radioing in to HQ FSO - Fire Support Officer.

SGT LAERRUS
Wild Eagle base, have air asset check in with 2-6 on this freq, over.

WILD EAGLE BASE
(over radio, bad signal)
Roger. Be advised Profane 5-6 and 5-7, ETA three minutes. Over.

SGT LAERRUS
Roger that. Standing by. Over.

MEANWHILE -

- RAY has pulled the TOURNIQUET from his med-kit.

The tourniquet is essentially a fat canvas belt, that needs to be fed into a BRASS BUCKLE.

But when RAY tries to feed it through -

- he finds that his fingers are not working properly. They feel clumsy.

It’s an obscure effect of being in shock - losing fine motor skills.

And it is another of the moments that feel like they belong in a nightmare.

A simple action: feeding a belt into a buckle.

The action being a literal matter of life and death.

Wanting to do it.

Needing to do it.

But being unable.

Each time RAY tries, the material folds against the buckle, and fails to push through.

And the entire time, SAM is moaning in pain, and blood is continuing to pour out from his shattered leg, and the U-shaped wound in his thigh.

BESIDE RAY -

- ERIK watches.

RAY
Fuck.

RAY glazes for a beat.

He is starting to drop into a DAZE again.

But he pulls out of it.

Makes a decision.

He speaks to SAM.

RAY (CONT’D)
Hey -

SAM
No -

RAY
- I’m going to do something. It’s going to hurt.

SAM starts to panic.

SAM
No, Ray, don’t -

RAY starts to lift himself up slightly.

RAY
I need to do this -

SAM
- Ray, don't fucking touch me -
don't fucking touch me - don't -

RAY pulls himself over SAM'S body -

- and jams his knee down on SAM'S thigh. Putting his weight onto it. Using the weight as a form of tourniquet until he can get the buckle threaded.

SAM starts screaming.

High. Loud. Continuous.

It doesn't stop.

RAY ZONES OUT.

CUT TO -

66 **INT. HOUSE/STAIRS - DAY** 66

- FRANK on the stairs.

Gun trained at the doorway to the upstairs room.

SAM screaming.

CUT TO -

67 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 67

- the IRAQI FAMILY.

The MOTHER trying to cover her daughter's ears and sight.

The MAN sitting on the edge of the bed.

SAM screaming.

CUT TO -

68 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 68

- what is left of FARID'S body, in the empty road.

The bright sun.

The distant crackle of OP-2's gunfight in the background.

SAM'S screaming slightly quieter, coming from inside the house.

CUT TO -

69 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 69

- SAM screaming.

CUT TO -

- RAY.

Coming back into focus.

Seeing -

- ERIK.

Cranking the TOURNIQUET over SAM'S leg.

RAY gets off SAM'S leg.

SAM stops screaming.

Starts moaning.

And the NEXT MOMENT -

- behind RAY, ELLIOTT SUDDENLY WAKES.

He comes round seemingly instantly.

From apparently dead, to howling with pain. Just like SAM.

RAY'S head snaps around.

Stunned that ELLIOTT is alive.

Then -

- through his screams, words start emerging from ELLIOTT'S mouth.

ELLIOTT
I need morphine. Morphine. Give me morphine.

RAY and LT MACDONALD, who is with ELLIOTT, lock eyes.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
Give me morphine, GIVE ME MORPHINE.

RAY turns to ERIK.

RAY
Sir - what should we do?

ERIK looks blank.

ERIK
What?

RAY
Do we give him morphine? He's lost a lot of blood.

ERIK
I don't know, man. It could kill him.

RAY
... So what should we do?

ERIK
... I don't know.

ELLIOTT'S screaming becomes moaning.

ELLIOTT
Give me morphine, give me morphine, give me morphine -

RAY
Fuck.

RAY turns back to LT MACDONALD.

RAY (CONT'D)
Give it to him.

LT MACDONALD
I don't know where the morphine is.

Amazingly, ELLIOTT finds the ability to speak calmly.

ELLIOTT
It's in my bag. Medic bag. The pocket.

ELLIOTT'S pack is still strapped to his back.

It's under him.

LT MACDONALD
Okay, okay - getting it -

LT MACDONALD starts trying to reach under ELLIOTT, to get to his bag.

He gets the pack open.

Starts dragging stuff out.

SAM, through his fog of pain, has heard ELLIOTT.

SAM
Ray. I need morphine too. You've got to give me some.

LT MACDONALD locates the morphine injectors.

They work like epipens - pushed against the skin, a needle shoots out and delivers a dose.

LT MACDONALD
Okay - I got them.

SAM
Give me the morphine, Ray. I'm dying.

RAY
You're not dying. You're not that bad. You're good.

SAM
I'm dying. Just give me it.

ELLIOTT
Give me morphine. Give me morphine.

LT MACDONALD looks at RAY.

He's holding the injectors. Waiting for the order.

RAY
Do it.

LT MACDONALD hands one of the INJECTORS to ERIK.

Then he takes the other.

Preps it.

Lifts it.

And jams it into ELLIOTT'S leg.

Then yanks his hand back - as if he's been stung.

In his hurry, or panic, LT MACDONALD has held the INJECTOR the wrong way round -

- and has injected morphine into his own thumb.

LT MACDONALD
Ah - shit - shit -

LT MACDONALD feels a sudden shift inside himself, as the morphine enters his system.

ELLIOTT cries out on pain.

SGT LAERRUS
Are you fucked now?

LT MACDONALD
No - I'm good.

ELLIOTT
Bro. I need the morphine.

LT MACDONALD
Right - the first one - uh - it didn't work.

ELLIOTT
Get another.

LT MACDONALD
Right.

ELLIOTT
Do it in my arm.

LT MACDONALD grabs another INJECTOR -

- and successfully doses ELLIOTT.

It has an almost immediate effect - just taking the edge off ELLIOTT'S pain and fear.

His half-screams soften into moans.

CUT TO -

- ERIK and RAY.

They've just watched what happened.

ERIK looks down at the INJECTOR in his palm.

He can feel the way concussion is slowing his thinking.

He looks at RAY.

And shakes his head - as if to say: I can’t do it.

Then he holds the injector out to RAY.

ERIK
... Here.

A beat.

Then RAY takes it.

He focused carefully.

Makes sure it’s the right way round.

Then jams SAM in the leg.

SAM’S screams also soften.

He starts talking again. And he’s calmer.

RAY starts applying GAUZE to the U-shaped wound on SAM’S leg.

As he works, SAM watches him.

Then speaks.

SAM
I need more morphine.

RAY
We can’t give you more.

SAM
Just give more. It’s not enough.

RAY
It will kill you, man.

SAM
It’s not enough!

RAY
Hey. You can’t have more. Just chill the fuck out. You’re going to be okay. You’re not dying, and your junk is still there.

SAM
But my feet are gone.

RAY
They're not gone, bro. They're just in the wrong place. I'm telling you, you're good, man. You're not the one we're worried about. Breathe. Stay calm.

SAM relaxes slightly.

RAY (CONT'D)
The boys are coming to us. You're good.

AS THEY TALK -

- unnoticed by RAY, ERIK stands.

The CONCUSSION is overwhelming him.

He walks towards the room with the IRAQI FAMILY.

70 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 70

ERIK enters the room with the IRAQI family.

The MAN is still sat on the edge of the bed.

The MOTHER is on the bed with the two GIRLS.

They look back at ERIK.

Not knowing why he has entered, or what is about to happen.

THEN -

- all sound is obliterated by a rapid build, then ROAR of JET ENGINES. A second SHOW OF FORCE by a FIGHTER JET.

Again, NOISE fills the house entirely.

CUT TO -

71 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 71

- RAY.

The NOISE of the JET has pushed RAY back in dissociation.

This dissociation is more extreme than the previous times.

All awareness of environment drops out for RAY, except the enveloping NOISE.

When the sound of the jet subsides -

- there is the sound of GUNFIRE from outside.

CUT TO -

72 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 72

- the soldiers of OP-2 and OP-3, pushing up the road, towards the FRONT GATE.

Among them: JAKE - IOC of OP-2. Plus BRIAN, MIKEY, KELLY, BOB, A.J., AARON, PETE, MO, and BROCK.

They have fought their way from their position to here.

They look wired.

FIRING as they move, up at the rooftops and windows.

RICOCHETS from incoming fire can be heard.

Past the blood trails and burning phosphorus, body parts, and abandoned gear from OP-1.

They push into -

73 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 73

- the DRIVEWAY.

As BRIAN, BROCK, and KELLY take position either side of the FRONT GATE, firing -

- JAKE moves up the driveway.

Seeing the blood trails leading up to the house.

He’s talking into his comms.

JAKE
(into radio)
We’re making entry into your OP.

ERIK
(over radio)
Copy.

JAKE starts shouting.

JAKE
(shouting)
Blue, blue, blue. We're making entry. Blue, blue, blue.

BROCK
(shouting)
Blue, blue, blue.

74 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 74

- SGT LAERRUS - covering the door to the hall.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Frogman, Frogman, coming in.

SGT LAERRUS dips his rifle.

LT MACDONALD
They made it here.

CUT TO -

75 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 75

- RAY, coming OUT of his dissociated state, at the sound of the arrival of OP-2 and OP-3.

He looks around, momentarily confused.

He sees ERIK is no longer with him.

He then sees that ERIK is in the bedroom, with the IRAQI family, sitting on the edge of the bed.

76 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 76

OP-2 and OP-3 start flooding into the HOUSE, rifles at low port.

The sound of gunfire seems to be following them in.

They burst through -

- into the kitchen, then into -

77 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 77

- the hall.

There is the strange sense of collision, as the soldiers of OP-1 watch their NAVY SEAL colleagues enter.

On the faces of RAY, TOMMY, SGT LAERRUS, LT MACDONALD - there is huge relief.

On the faces of OP-2 there is shock, as they see wounds on ELLIOTT and SAM. The blood - that has spread everywhere. The horrific nature of the injuries.

BRIAN, a GUNNER in OP-2, is one of the first in.

BRIAN is older than the others. He's 32. A veteran of Afghanistan, and on his second tour in Iraq.

He's also half-Iraqi. He has many family in Baghdad.

He's followed directly by the AOIC of OP-2 - JAKE.

TOMMY NOTICES - JAKE has hot phosphorus shrapnel, stuck to one boot. Smoking.

RAY looks at BRIAN.

Sees his wide eyes, staring at ELLIOTT.

RAY raises his voice to speak to the room.

It sounds as if he's taking control of the moment. But inside, he's handing control to the others.

RAY
All right, guys - check it out - we've got multiple leg injuries here. I need morphine. Gauze. Give me whatever you've got. And there's guys on the roof.

JAKE
Mikey. Brian. Go. Get up there.

OP-2 SEALS MIKEY and BRIAN head to the stairway.

As they do so, BRIAN and MIKEY glimpse ERIK in the downstairs bedroom.

BRIAN is amazed momentarily by the sight of ERIK.

ERIK sitting on the bed. His helmet off. He looks dazed. His head in his hands.

The sight of ERIK also jolts MIKEY. It scares him. Somehow this is more alarming to him than the sight of the wounded.

He realises: *we could all die here today*.

Then they move up the stairwell to FRANK.

RAY
(to Jake)
We need to get these guys the fuck out of here, *now*.

JAKE
Have you called for casevac?

RAY
I can't punch out from here.

JAKE turns to JOHN - OP-2 COMMS.

JAKE
(to John)
Can you make comms?

JOHN
Yessir.

BRIAN starts handing all his medical kit to RAY.

As he does so, JAKE pushes past BRIAN -

- into the DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM.

78 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 78

JAKE looks at ERIK.

Immediately assessing ERIK'S head-space. Immediately worried.

JAKE
Sir. Has anybody looked at you? Checked you out?

ERIK looks up at JAKE.

ERIK
Elliott and Sam are wounded.

JAKE
... Yeah. Hey, man, take a knee. Let me do a blood sweep.

ERIK kneels.

As JAKE talks, he is checking around ERIK'S for blood/injury.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What calls have been made? Is the casevac platform coming back here?

ERIK looks JAKE in the eyes.

ERIK
Dude, I'm fucked up. I need you to take point.

A beat between them.

JAKE'S recognition of ERIK'S state, and ERIK'S recognition of his own state.

ERIK handing over leadership at this moment is itself an act of leadership.

JAKE
Roger that.

AT THAT MOMENT -

- the sound of GUNFIRE from upstairs starts.

79 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 79

BRIAN heads towards the stairwell, following after MIKEY.

OP-2 are continuing to cram into the small hall area.

Another of the OP-2 SEALS - BROCK - enters the cramped hall, hooting and hollering.

He's amped up. But it feels weirdly performative. Misjudged.

BROCK
Let's *GO*, boys. Let's fucking *DO* this.

BROCK nearly treads on ELLIOTT as he enters.

LT MACDONALD
Whoa - dude - watch it.

But OP-2 continues to cram into the space.

Another guy accidentally kicks SAM - and SAM screams.

RAY stands.

RAY
HEY! I know we're moving fast but don't step on anyone's fucking legs!

BROCK doesn't seem to hear.

He looks down at SAM.

BROCK
All right, Sammy. Let's GO.

He's trying to fire SAM up.

But SAM is barely conscious through the morphine, pain, and blood loss.

SAM starts getting agitated.

RAY
(to Brock)
Hey - chill out.

BROCK again ignores, or doesn't hear. And gives SAM a 'buddy' tap on the leg -

BROCK
My man - let's do this!

- and SAM SCREAMS.

RAY palms BROCK in the chest. Hard.

Knocks him back.

RAY
Bro, get the *fuck* away.

BROCK stares at RAY.

CUT TO -

80 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 80

- BRIAN pushing through the metal door -

81 **EXT. HOUSE/BALCONY-ROOF - DAY** 81

For the first time, we see the ROOF/BALCONY AREA.

As BRIAN exits -

- he sees a glimpse of an enemy fighter, on the roof of the building directly beside them.

BRIAN immediately opens fire.

He fires eight to ten rounds from his MARK 48. A large, heavy, belt-fed machine gun.

Then he ducks down -

- and becomes aware of incoming and outgoing fire from behind him.

He moves slightly along the wall.

Ducks up.

Fires another burst.

More incoming fire.

He crawls behind the low wall again to find a new position.

He sees MIKEY doing the same thing on the other side of the roof.

BRIAN is surging with adrenalin - but through it is coming an awareness. A sense of being surrounded, and overpowered.

CUT TO -

82 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 82

- AARON, moving in and situates himself by Elliott.

AARON
Fill me in.

LT MACDONALD
He got hit in both legs. The shoulder. And he's got wounds on lower abdomen. Lost a lot of blood.

AARON
Okay.

LT MACDONALD
There's something burning inside him.

AARON
That's phosphorus. It's all over outside.

AARON is checking the tourniquets on ELLIOTT'S legs.

AARON (CONT'D)
Bro, great fucking job with the tourniquets.
(reassuring Elliott)
Yeah - you're going to be all good, brother. All good. You just hang tight. We're going to get you the fuck out of here.

ELLIOTT
Did you hit me with morphine?

LT MACDONALD
You've had morphine.

AARON
When?

LT MACDONALD
Uh - like minutes ago. Just before you guys rolled in.

ELLIOTT
Did you do it in my arm? Bad blood return in the legs. Got to be the arm.

LT MACDONALD
It was your arm, bro.

ELLIOTT
Got to be the arm.

LT MACDONALD
It was.

ELLIOTT
Morphine will wear off real quick.

AARON
You're doing great, bro.

CUT TO -

- JAKE, re-entering the hall from the downstairs bedroom.

Inside, he has a massive sense of foreboding and urgency.

But he speaks with clarity, efficiency, and control.

JAKE
Okay, guys. Listen up. Everybody. Start doing a reorg. We're going to get these guys casevaced.

JAKE turns to JOHN.

JAKE (CONT'D)
John, we're going to get four Bradleys over here. Two for our extraction, two for casevac. I want the casevacs either side of the front gate. Brad one will be right. Brad two will be left.

JOHN
Yessir.

JAKE'S manner is cutting through the haze of shock that has permeated the house since the IED explosion.

ERIK emerges from the downstairs bedroom.

JOHN starts calling in.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Manchu X-Ray, this is Frogman-5 Romeo. We need a casevac from OP-1 building, four Bradleys, two for casevac of two severely wounded. Break. Pick-up will be at front gate, to position either side. Over.

CUT TO -

- RAY and BROCK, with SAM.

RAY
I'll take his legs. You'll get his arms.

SAM
You going to move me?

RAY
Yeah. We are.

SAM
No - no - don't do that -

BROCK
You’re going to have to frogman up, bro.

SAM
Don’t fucking touch me! Don’t fucking do it!

BROCK
There’s no choice, bro.

CUT TO -

- JOHN. Listening to his headphones.

Then says to JAKE.

JOHN
They’re waiting on brigade approval.

ANGER flashes on JAKE’S face.

JAKE
What the *fuck*?

JOHN
Because the last tanks got fucked up, sir. They won’t send casevac unless the CO gives the thumbs-up.

JAKE
Motherfuckers.

AARON
We’ve got to get them out, sir.

JAKE
On it.

JAKE stares at ELLIOTT for a beat.

Then looks back to JOHN.

JAKE (CONT’D)
You’ve got to be the CO.

JOHN
Sir. Say back.

JAKE
Radio them right now. Say you’re the CO. Give them the order to send the fucking tanks.

Beat.

JOHN absorbing what he's being told to do.

JOHN is twenty-one years old, in combat with overwhelming enemy forces, surrounded by blood and horrifically injured comrades - and he's being asked to impersonate a colonel.

Then -

JOHN
(totally calm)
Roger that.
(into radio)
Manchu X-Ray, this is Manchu-6.
You are authorised to push casevac platforms into Frogman position.

Beat. Listening.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(calm)
Affirmative, Manchu X-Ray. You are authorised.

JAKE watching.

Then JOHN turns to JAKE.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Bushmaster is approved to manoeuvre to our position.

JAKE nods.

Addresses the room.

JAKE
(radios)
Mikey - Brian - give me an update on the roof.

MIKEY
(over radio)
Holding security.

JAKE
Are we up on all gear?

A.J.
There's gear in the street.

JAKE
We'll get it. You're with me.

KELLY
I'll roll with you guys.

CUT TO -

83 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 83

- the ROAD.

The burning phosphorus patches.

The sound of the gunfight over the rooftops.

JAKE and A.J. emerge.

Gunfire is all around.

KELLY takes position by the gate.

As JAKE and A.J. recover the scattered kit -

- figures with AK-47s become visible on the rooftop opposite.

KELLY starts shooting at them.

One is obviously hit.

CUT TO -

84 **EXT. HOUSE/BALCONY-ROOF - DAY** 84

- BRIAN and MIKEY.

The incoming fire from the surrounding buildings is too intense.

They start to back away, crawling as low as they can towards the METAL DOOR.

BRIAN is last through, on his stomach.

Pushing his machine gun ahead of him.

85 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 85

JAKE re-enters the HALL.

Sees -

- BOB, standing in the bedroom with ERIK.

BOB is the PLATOON CHIEF - senior in rank to SAM, lower than JAKE and ERIK.

He is supposed to be tactical expert.

He's doing nothing. He's just staring into space.

JAKE looks at BOB in disgust.

JOHN
Bradleys are four minutes out.

JAKE goes to the base of the stairwell.

Calls up.

JAKE
What's going on? Casevac is inbound. I need a 5W.

FRANK moves upstairs.

SEES - BRIAN and MIKEY holding security on the metal doorway, from the top of the stairs.

BRIAN
We had to suck back. Unable to hold position.

FRANK calls back.

FRANK
Multiple bad guys trying to get to our position.

JAKE turns back to the men crammed into the hallway.

JAKE
When the Bradleys get here, Aaron and Tommy - you grab Elliott. You guys are going to head out first.

TOMMY nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You're going to go into Brad one. Right-hand side.

AARON
Right-hand side. Check.

JAKE
Ray and Brock, grab Sam. Brad two. Left side.

RAY
Got it.

JOHN
Bradleys are three minutes out.

JAKE
Let's get these guys ready to move.

RAY takes hold of the pants material around SAM'S legs.

SAM screams.

BROCK is at SAM'S shoulders.

TOMMY moves to ELLIOTT.

AARON
Okay - let's sort this shit out.
Get that rug!

BROCK grabs the rug from the room beside them and drags it over.

AARON (CONT'D)
Fold it. Yo, Tommy. With Mac.
You guys roll him.

TOMMY
Got it.

AARON
Roll him on three. One, two,
three.

ELLIOTT moans as TOMMY and LT MACDONALD roll him.

AARON and BROCK get the rug under him.

AARON (CONT'D)
Okay. Set him down. On three.

ALL TOGETHER
One, two, *three*.

They lay him flat, then pull him over to the other side to get the rest of the rug out from underneath him.

ELLIOTT is now in place.

86 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 86

BRIAN is through the METAL DOOR.

He picks up his MARK 48, and backs away to the entrance to the stairwell.

Then turns.

Holds his sights on the metal door.

Totally focused. Unaware of anyone around him.

Purely fixated on shooting the first person who follows him through.

87 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 87

The four-man protection team position by the FRONT ENTRANCE, ready to move.

Outside - we hear the sound of the TANKS approaching.

CUT TO -

88 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 88

- JOHN.

JOHN
Bradleys are two minutes out.

RAY looks for his purchase on SAM.

RAY speaks to SAM.

RAY
Hey man, this is it. It's going to hurt. Get ready.

SAM
No, no - there's got to be another way.

RAY
There's isn't.

BROCK
BTF up, bro.

SAM
(psyching himself up)
Fuck, fuck, fuck -

BEHIND them, ELLIOTT moans in pain.

ERIK
We're getting Elliott out on the right?

The sounds of the wounded are drowned out by a THIRD PASS from the FIGHTER JET.

Again, everyone is deafened.

RAY watches ERIK and JAKE - pausing because of the noise.

He can see the expressions on their faces. The tension, and adrenalin.

When the JET NOISE SUBSIDES -

JAKE
Check. Elliott right side. Sam left side.

JOHN
Bradleys are one minute out.

ERIK bumps TOMMY out from his position with ELLIOTT.

JAKE
Frank. Kelly. You're going to break us out. Gunners, you'll set up security out on the street.

The sound of the TANK ENGINES penetrate the house.

RAY chooses his purchase on SAM'S leg - the material of his pants, just below the knee.

SAM starts screaming again as RAY bunches the material in his fist.

JAKE turns to the guys about to carry the wounded.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You guys good? We're about to move.

JAKE gets 'checks' from the guys.

JOHN
Bradleys are here.

JAKE
Okay, we're moving.

ERIK
(lifting Elliott)
One, two, three -

JOHN
(into radio)
Ramp down, ramp down.

JAKE
(shouts)
Breakout, breakout.

89 **EXT. HOUSE/COURTYARD - DAY** 89

The FOUR-MAN SECURITY TEAM, providing cover for the extraction, push out of the FRONT ENTRANCE.

90 **INT. HOUSE/HALL** 90

Outside, the sound of GUNFIRE immediately starts up again.

JAKE
Go, go, go.

AARON, ERIK, and LT MACDONALD, and PETE lift ELLIOTT and start to move.

As they move, LT MACDONALD'S radio handset gets stuck on the side of the door.

ERIK reaches to it. Rips it out - tearing out the wiring as he does so.

SAM
Oh fuck, oh fuck -

JAKE
Ray, Brock - GO.

RAY
Let's go.

RAY and BROCK lift SAM.

SAM cries out.

RAY (CONT'D)
(to Sam)
Look at me, bro. The whole way.
I got you.

And start carrying him out -

91 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 91

- through the kitchen -

92 **EXT. HOUSE/COURTYARD - DAY** 92

- to the COURTYARD.

93 **EXT. HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 93

As they enter the short driveway -

- TWO strange things are happening. Surreal in their juxtaposition.

The FIRST is that they are being shot at.

Gunfire is coming in from the rooftops around them.

In particular, it is coming from the rooftop of the same HOUSE they are leaving.

Enemy fighters have already occupied exactly the area where BRIAN and MIKEY were fighting, only minutes ago.

We see the ATTACKERS briefly as they fire down. They are no more than glimpsed shapes, and muzzle flashes.

The SECOND is that as he is carried, SAM'S pants are slipping down. And as they slip, RAY has to grab more material.

Meaning that SAM is soon naked from his waist to his knees.

The lack of dignity, while being shot at, is a strange combination. It's dissonant. If they're about to be killed, it feels it shouldn't be this way.

This image - moment - sears itself on RAY'S mind.

CUT TO -

94 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 94

DELETED

95 **INT. HOUSE/UPSTAIRS MAIN ROOM - DAY** 95

DELETED

96 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 96

- outside.

RAY, SAM, and BROCK.

They have reached the METAL GATE, and are exiting back into the road -

- where the two BRADLEY TANKS are waiting, rear ramps down, ready to take the wounded.

The gunfire is deafening.

AARON and TOMMY have already got ELLIOTT half-inside TANK ONE.

Ahead of RAY - PETE - has already climbed into TANK TWO.

Maybe out of fear.

97 **INT. TANK TWO - DAY** 97

BROCK climbs up the ramp, into the back of TANK TWO, pulling SAM with him.

RAY follows, holding SAM'S legs.

As they get him inside -

- BULLETS start hitting the outside of the BRADLEY.

Incredibly loud, as they slam into the metal. Incredibly jarring.

RAY looks out the back of the TANK, and sees, through the open ramp door -

- for the FIRST TIME since the attack started -

- a CLEAR VIEW of one of the attackers.

It's a young man.

He's running across the road, a hundred metres away, from left to right.

Holding a weapon.

Crouched in the cramped space, RAY lifts his rifle, and starts firing.

As he fires -

- the RAMP of the TANK starts rising.

RAY realises they are about to be trapped in the Bradley.

He stops firing.

Shouts.

RAY
No - no - Wait, wait, wait - I've got to get out -

But the door closes.

The TANK starts moving.

Not waiting.

Leaving.

RAY looks stunned.

CUT TO -

98 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 98

- the soldiers outside, falling back to the house, as the BRADLEYS start to move away.

ERIK is yelling at LT MACDONALD.

ERIK
GET BACK! GET BACK!

As LT MACDONALD runs -

- he slips on dust and dirt and blood on the leaf of the metal gate, that was lying on the road.

He falls flat on his face.

As he scrambles up, he sees ERIK, holding position by the gate.

They lock eyes.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Thought you were hit.

LT MACDONALD
I slipped.

Surprisingly, ERIK smiles.

A sudden, strange almost normal moment of contact in the chaos.

99 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 99

As all remaining SEALS collapse back into the house -

- JAKE starts issuing orders.

JOHN relays radio communication to JAKE.

JOHN
ISR says people are moving to our rooftops. They're telling us to get our guys off right now.

JAKE
(yells upstairs)
Clear the top deck!

CUT TO -

- MIKEY, hitting BRIAN on the shoulder.

MIKEY
Move, move. Let's fucking move.

BRIAN and MIKEY start backing down the STAIRWELL to the landing.

JAKE
Do we still have guys up there?

MIKEY
No way. We're the last guys.

BRIAN
They're right on us.

JAKE
Zawi - hold security there until I tell you to take it down.

JAKE shouts to the room.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
LISTEN UP! I'm going to have the Bradleys take off the second floor of this building.

BRIAN looks stunned.

For a moment - he can't compute.

JAKE is saying that the tanks are going to fire on the building that they are all hiding inside.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Gunners, you're holding security on the street for extract.

BRIAN
(to Mikey)
I got it. Go.

MIKEY heads to the kitchen for preparation for breakout.

JAKE
Mac - I want a show of force for when that happens.

CUT TO -

100 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 100

- BRADLEYS THREE and FOUR arriving in the street.

CUT TO -

101 **INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY** 101

- JAKE, shouting into his radio.

JAKE
(into radio)
I'm going to need you to fire into top deck of our building! We have enemy on our building and all surrounding buildings.

BRADLEY GUNNER
(over radio)
Say again - fire into your building?

JAKE
Fire into our building. Top deck.

BRADLEY GUNNER
(over radio)
Negative, Frogman - we can't do that.

JAKE
(into radio)
The top deck is fucking clear!
Fire into it!

BRADLEY GUNNER
(over radio)
Roger that. Stand by.

JAKE
(to Brian)
Zawi - get the fuck down here.
(to room)
SUCK IN. FIND COVER.

BRADLEY GUNNER
(over radio)
Going hot.

BRIAN gets down to the bottom deck, takes a knee, and gets his head down.

CUT TO -

102 **EXT. HOUSE/ROAD - DAY** 102

- SUDDENLY, SHOCKINGLY LOUD -

- the BRADLEY TANK GUNNER in tank one opens fire -

- directly on the HOUSE.

Repeatedly hitting the top floor.

The top section of the house starts erupting with concrete dust from the impacts.

CUT TO -

103 **INT. HOUSE - DAY** 103

- all remaining soldiers of OP-1 and OP-2, hunching down as the tank rounds slam into the floor above them.

MIKEY is under the kitchen table.

BRIAN is at the base of the stairwell.

JAKE and ERIK are in the bedroom with the family.

The vibrations of the impacts shudder through the entire building.

Dust rolls through the lower floor.

CUT TO -

104 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 104

- the faces of the IRAQI family as the top floor of their house is destroyed.

CUT TO -

105 **EXT. ROAD - DAY** 105

- the BRADLEYS -

- as BOTH TANKS extend their sweep of fire to start shooting at ALL THE TOP FLOORS of the surrounding residential houses.

A stunning explosion of gunfire.

Simultaneously both discriminate and indiscriminate.

Sustained.

For thirty full unrelenting seconds.

Then -

- it stops.

CUT TO -

106 **INT. HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY** 106

- ERIK, staring at the IRAQI FAMILY.

The MAN is screaming at ERIK in IRAQI.

The MOTHER is shouting in English. One word.

MOTHER
WHY? WHY? WHY?

ERIK
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MOTHER

WHY? WHY?

CUT TO -

107 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 107

- JAKE.

JAKE
Breakout, breakout.

108 **EXT. HOUSE/COURTYARD/DRIVEWAY - DAY** 108

The soldiers pour out of the building.

As they move, they are firing on all angles, all at once.

Into windows.

Into doors.

At rooftops.

109 **EXT. ROAD - DAY**

MIKEY is out in the road first.

TOMMY not far behind.

Then BRIAN and A.J.

There is no cover on the street. No concealment.

From the rooftops, they can see muzzle flashes.

They can see rounds landing in street.

The four gunners give cover to everyone else -

- 'singing' with each other. Firing in five-to-ten-round bursts, which the next gunner takes over, so there is never a break in the firing.

Their barrels start to glow RED HOT.

The remaining soldiers follow the gunners out, and start cramming into the backs of the BRADLEYS.

The small tanks are barely big enough to contain all of them.

They jam themselves inside.

Compressing.

TOMMY runs out of ammunition before he joins the others in the Bradleys.

One of the last men inside is BRIAN.

As the rear doors of BRADLEY FOUR RISE, he is firing out the back.

Shouting -

BRIAN
Get the fucking ramp up!

The very last man in is ERIK.

Then the ramps are closed.

And the BRADLEYS drive away.

A few seconds later -

- the street is empty.

And silent.

CUT TO -

110 **INT. HOUSE/HALL - DAY** 110

- the hall.

Concrete dust from the tank fire is still gently rolling down from the stairwell.

Blood is smeared all over the floor.

Through the doorway to the downstairs bedroom -

- the IRAQI FAMILY are looking out.

The two GIRLS and the MOTHER are howling.

CUT TO -

111 **INT. TANK TWO - DAY** 111

- RAY.

Inside BRADLEY TWO.

He’s breathing hard.

Bullets are still hitting the outside of the tank.

But as the TANK travels -

- the gaps grow between the bullet impacts.

Then -

- they simply stop.

There is only the noise of the ENGINE.

It's low light, in the interior.

Dust from the road pushes in.

Fills the air.

In the dim cabin light, blood seems to be everywhere.

Sticky, black, smeared, or bright red and wet.

The smell of arterial blood is overpowering.

BROCK starts gagging.

PETE suddenly throws up.

BROCK throws up on SAM.

SAM jokes. Dry.

SAM
Brock. You're not helping.

FIGHTING his NAUSEA -

- RAY tries to pull SAM'S pants back up.

He does as best he can.

Then he sits back down.

In this dark space -

- grinding engine noise, dust, blood, vomit, heat -

- ONE FULL MINUTE PASSES.

Then ABRUPTLY -

- CUT TO BLACK

112 **BLACK SCREEN** 112

In the blackness -

Several seconds of silence.

Then, a FLURRY of voices.

RAY (O.S.)
- his leg -

MEDIC (O.S.)
Easy -

MEDIC (O.S.)
Whoa - don't fucking - you tipped him -

MEDIC (O.S.)
Just -

Abrupt silence.

A few seconds.

Then -

- the sound of ELLIOTT moaning.

MEDIC (O.S.)
Shears -

MEDIC (O.S.)
Cut it - cut them - get the boots -

DOCTOR (O.S.)
- Did you give him morphine?

RAY (O.S.)
Yes -

DOCTOR (O.S.)
What time?

RAY (O.S.)
- I don't know.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
How much?

RAY (O.S.)
I don't know. Just - what was there, in the -

DOCTOR (O.S.)
You put the tourniquet on?

RAY (O.S.)
Yes, I did -

DOCTOR (O.S.)
What time?

RAY (O.S.)
- I don’t know.

Silence.

A few seconds.

Then -

- we are somewhere outside.

We can hear the sound of a CHINOOK HELICOPTEER.

SERGEANT (O.S.)
Yo - what do you need from me?

RAY
I need to get back out there - I need Bradleys, I’ve got to get back out -

Silence.

A few seconds.

Then -

- sudden blinding daylight.

As we **CUT TO -**

113 **EXT. CORPS AREA SUPPORT HOSPITAL - DAY** 113

- ELLIOTT being pushed out of a HOSPITAL TENT into bright daylight.

He is on a wheeled stretcher, being pushed by ARMY MEDICS, towards a CHINOOK.

His legs are bandaged.

He has multiple tubes and drips.

As he is pushed, ELLIOTT looks up, dazed. Pupils dilated.

He sees -

- he is being pushed past RAY.

RAY is silhouetted against the bright sky.

ELLIOTT half smiles.

ELLIOTT
(drugged up, spaced out)
Hey bro - what's up -

RAY
I love you, man.

Then the stretcher has pulled RAY out of view.

RAY is gone.

Just the sky above ELLIOTT.

ON THIS -

- CUT TO RAY.

On his face.

Behind his eyes - dismay. Hope. Need.

END